

May, 1968

11.25 a.m.

Dear Betty,

You'll get 2 letters to day. I forgot to put your address on them for yesterday. I mailed some cards with it, so the envelope was covered, and I goofed.

^{Sunday}
I got your letter this a.m. It came to the county, I hope you're not so blue. I miss you very much, but know that this is the only way I could take part in this out here. I don't want to be away from you very often.

The service last night was very good, with a larger crowd. These people seem to

be pulling together and
close as the time progresses.

I hear the jet that you east
each day at this time, going over
night new. That's when I get
horrified, when I see an east-
bound jet - liner going toward
home.

I may take the shuttle - liner
from Riverside to L. A. These
people are insisting on taking
a loan offering, and won't take
"no" for an answer. It really
impresses them that a man
would borrow money to go
somewhere to preach. Now
they want to show appreciation,
so God is still keeping us
out.

Getta close and mail this
/over)

on the way to my punch
engagement. Love you,
and count the days. It's
already Wednesday.
David

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

David Elliott
8 S. Searoad's Court - 232-E
Essex, Calif. 92330
ZIP CODE



Mrs. David Elliott

Box 393-

New York, Tex.

77482